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### SUBWAY BIDS.

**A**DVERTISING for bids for the Fourth avenue subway began yesterday.

In this the Public Service Commission is going right ahead doing what it should do instead of drawing amendments to the Elsborg law or seeking to devise concessions acceptable to Thomas F. Ryan.

The city has the money to build tri-borough subways as fast as the contractors can do the work. The salaries of the 2,000 Catskill guards would pay the wages of 4,000 subway laborers. The stopping of buying needless school sites, of which there are fifty-nine now paid for and unused; the shutting off of Hunt's Point and Kissena Park schemes, and a little ordinary honesty and ordinary intelligence would provide ample sums of the city's current revenue to build subways without the necessity of even issuing long-term bonds therefor.

The Board of Estimate is now acting in great part with the Public Service Commission and the people's wishes. Every member of the Board, except McClellan and Metz, is voting for new subways for the carrying out of The Evening World's tri-borough plan.

Public opinion is doing its work.



In contrast with these officials who are doing what they should do is the attempt of District-Attorney Jerome to Perkinize Thomas F. Ryan. Ryan, Widener, Elkins, Dolan and Whitney divided the loot from the sale of the Wall Street Railroad, which never existed except on paper. Now Ryan is reported to have gone before the Grand Jury and testified that in January, 1900, he and Whitney contributed that Metropolitan's \$500,000 to the election of McKinley, who was not nominated until six months later.

If Ryan did not testify to this effect he either committed perjury or pleaded guilty to violating Section 541 of the Penal Code, which says that "a person acting as trustee of any description, who secretes, withholds or otherwise appropriates to his own use, or that of any person other than the true owner, or person entitled thereto, any money in his possession or custody by virtue of his office, employment or appointment, is guilty of larceny" and upon conviction, in addition to the punishment prescribed for such larceny, may be adjudged to pay a fine not exceeding the value of the property so misappropriated, with interest thereon from the time of the misappropriation, and 20 per centum thereupon in addition.

Under this section Perkins could have been convicted. Under this section Ryan should be prosecuted. It may be, however, that it would be easier to convict him of perjury, because Cornelius N. Bliss, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee, says that no such contribution was ever made, and if it had been made he would know about it.

One of the best ways to facilitate the building of the tri-borough subway would be to send to Sing Sing the man whose opposition above all others stands in the way. With Ryan and Brady eliminated, maybe the Board of Estimate would be unanimous instead of ten to six.

### Letters from the People.

**Panama Querries.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I would like to hear from somebody who has been in Panama lately, how the climate and general conditions are at present. Is it advisable for men accustomed to the climate here to go there and work?  
P. J. S.  
Jersey City.

**Bank Clerk's Grievance.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Since the money panic some banks in this city have increased their business considerably, and the offices are perhaps so benefited. The poorly paid bank clerks are not considered for an increase in their salary. Their obligations are to be courteous to the customers and stay till all hours to do their work, perhaps on \$12 a week. I wish some of the officers would take notice of this and raise their salaries and raise the bank clerks' salaries.  
POORLY PAID CLERK.  
March 17, 1908.

**An Adamless Eden.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
"Chicago Native" in his car-service suggestion, "hila it." Of course, give the "ladies" the first car to themselves, and let the "brutes" have the last one to smoke in. Let me add a suggestion or two. In this "first-car paradise" make every other window a mirror put in not less than ten chewing-gum slot-machines and fasten a powder-puff to each strap. Any powder manufacturer will put in a can of facial flour (boiled down), out of which not more than a



## You Can't Tell in This Town Who Your Nextdoor Neighbor Is, and It's Not Wise to Call, as Mrs. Jarr Can Tell You, Until You Find Out

**By Roy L. McCardell.**

"DON'T you think I ought to call on that Mrs. Fittingham?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Don't know the party," said Mr. Jarr. "and, furthermore, am not in a position to advise you upon social exigencies."

"You know her well enough," said Mrs. Jarr. "She's the lady that moved in next door, wears the big hat and those terribly high heeled shoes and never thinks of going out without her cab."

"A charming person to know. I have no doubt," said Mr. Jarr, "but still I have never been introduced to the hat, the shoes or the cab, and could not tell you whether the wearer and user of these distinguished articles should be taken up by our set."

"There you go," said Mrs. Jarr. "I can't ask you a sensible question without you try to be funny. You don't want me to know anybody. I should call, I know that, but one has to be so particular."

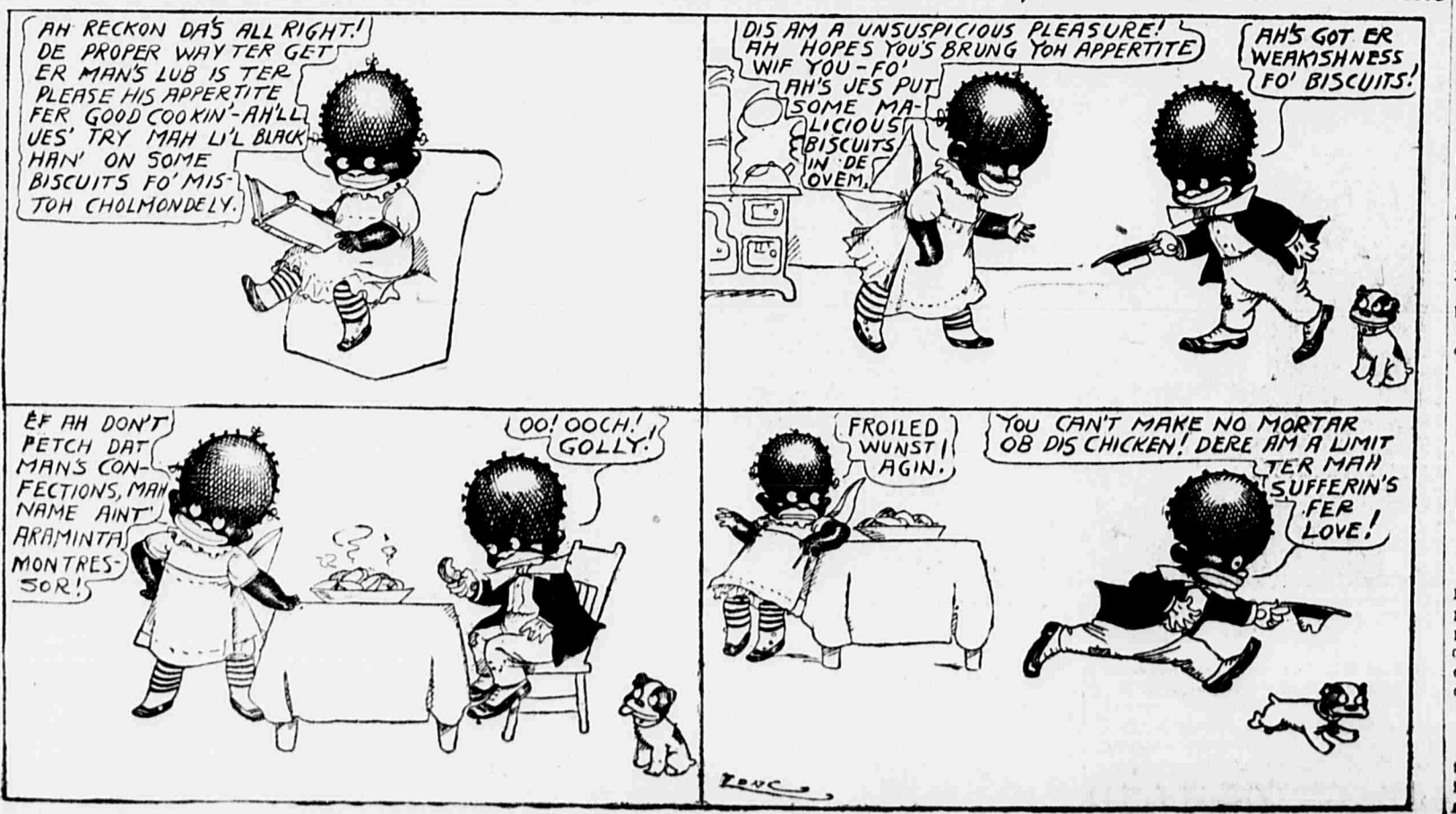
"When in doubt, don't," said Mr. Jarr.

"And keep in the house and have no nice friends, but stay at home and wait and watch for you," said Mrs. Jarr. "I guess not! That is just like a man. He can have all the friends he wants, he can be on the go all the time. But oh, a woman must be so careful, she must be so careful that she mustn't make any friends, go anywhere or see anything. Well, in spite of your suspicions, Mrs. Fittingham strikes me as a real lady and a very desirable person to know. I WILL call on her."

"I'm sure I didn't say you shouldn't," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Call on her by all means."

"But how do I know who she is?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "It's all right enough for you to say 'Call on her.' You can make all sorts of acquaintances, but one member of the family at least has to be careful. You can't tell in this big town

## Love In Darktown



## Nixola Greeley-Smith

### ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

#### The "Warning" Habit.

**I**T is a singular fact that no girl goes through the period of courtship and marriage without receiving at least one so-called friendly warning that the man whom she is about to wed is a deep and desperate villain. Sometimes the warning comes from another woman whose matrimonial plans she has quite inadvertently upset by her own more successful attachment. But quite often it is sounded by some apparently disinterested man.

I have never solved to my own satisfaction the problem of why if a young woman of any degree of charm is thrown in daily contact with forty or fifty men she will not have known them as many days before every one of the number has separately warned her against all the others. And the stranger part of the entire affair is that each is quite in earnest in his denunciation and really believes that he alone of all the goodly company is fit for the smart young person to associate with.

A girl does not have to be in love to encounter this strange phenomenon. Any girl stenographer or clerk has met it in one form or another.

Sometimes, if she is very young and inexperienced, she takes it seriously. When Mr. Brown, for instance, says to her, "Pardon me, but you can't afford to be seen talking to Jones—you don't know him, and I do," she is really undecided as to whether Jones has eloped with his best friend's wife, or merely committed murder. And all the time there may be nothing more serious between Brown and Jones than that one owes the other \$10 or so.

If a girl who is the recipient of some slurring confidence about a man she cares about would only stop to analyze the motive of the tattler, she would never under any circumstances regard his "warnings," &c., except as a revelation of his own mean spirit. This applies equally whether the things he tells are true or false.

Very little boys even are ashamed to tattle about each other. The grown man who stoops to such a proceeding might well go to the school boy and learn his code of honor.

Until we decide that we can only judge men and women by what they are to us, utterly disregarding what any one else thinks or wants us to think about them, we will always be liable to the disturbances of spirit that petty gossip can bring about.

Often a woman is compelled to listen to various "warnings" against a man she cares about. In this event she has always one safe rule to follow: Listen, laugh and forget.

## SIX TALKS TO GIRLS ON Speaking & Writing English

**By Gertrude Barnum**

### No. 5—Letter Writing.

**I**F you wish to read our language in its native beauty, Thomas de Quincy once wrote, "steal the mail-bags, and break open the women's letters." And truly there is no more delightful reading than the spontaneous, idiomatic correspondence of famous literary women.

But if we were to break open the mail bags to-day the "native beauty" of our language would be hard to unearth from the heaps of rubbish which average girls put forth when moved to "take pen in hand."

"Dear Mary Ann: I thought I would write you a few lines I did not get around to write before all is just the same as always and I suppose the same with you I hope you will excuse writing." &c., &c.

"Beloved Amelia: I was devoured by impatience until your handwriting threw me into transports of rapture," &c., &c.

Selecting further, at random, we find bad English, sentimental twaddle, tedious descriptions, scandalous gossip, stilted erudition, hypocritical amenities, platitudes and falsehood and cant—enough to discourage us on the hunt for the vivid, picturesque bits of humor and pathos we had been led to expect. As we go on with the search, we develop an ever-increasing respect for "mere man," who confines his correspondence to telegrams and picture postal cards.

Letter-writing, then, a lost art to-day? Oh, no. But it is an art which is not so easily found by most girls. Imagine. Girls might profitably ponder over Falstaff's speech to Pistol: "If thou hast any tidings whatever to deliver, prithee deliver them like a man of this world." If girls have tidings, they should deliver them simply.

A Scotch servant girl, whose elegant and charming love letters once excited the admiration of a well-known English critic, explained the mystery of her beautiful style when she said: "Always when I sit down to write a letter I choose those words which are so short that I am sure I know how to spell them." Depth of feeling and simplicity of expression are the secrets of her art.

The peculiar charm in good letter writing is spontaneity. The body of any composition should be solid, and conventionally correct, held together and joined by the proper particles, which are the "very belts, pins and hinges of the structure of language"; and yet, capricious, peculiar idioms and the "exceptions" which break regular rules are happy signs of life and growth in English. Interjections are admirable: Ah! Alas! Pooh! are paragraphs condensed into a syllable, but headlines and exclamation points do not constitute a letter. Adjectives, girls should regard as special temptations, never to be yielded to when a noun might better speak for itself, and superlative adjectives are fit only for supreme occasions. Curiousities of language may be introduced to add spice-bits of picturesque slang; dialect, lively expressions, such as "topsy-turvy," "skeeter," &c. And the powerful effect of onomatopoeia is shown in such examples as Tennyson's "Break, break, break."

"Selection" has been called "the greatest faculty of the human mind." Not one of the three leading members of the famous American Constitutional Convention spoke over twenty minutes in the debates. They knew what to leave unsaid, and how to say most in fewest words. And a celebrated French author declared himself "ever tormented by the desire to get a whole book into a page, a page into a phrase, and this phrase into one word."

Girls "take pen in hand" altogether too carelessly. It is time for them to realize that a good style does not "just happen," but results from study and practice. Let them deliver real tidings with their feet on solid ground instead of jumping about upon broken interjections and disjointed verbs or floating loosely upon superlative adjectives. Let them study the historic masterpieces of letter-writing and develop the faculty of condensing a page into a phrase. Then, perhaps, they might be tempted to "steal the mail bags and break open the women's letters."

## Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

**By Helen Rowland.**

**T**HE average man looks on matrimony as a hitching post where he can tie a woman and leave her until he comes home nights.

There is nothing so uninteresting to a man as a contentedly married woman.

A man's sweetheart is like his cigars; he has many of each of them, loves each one as tenderly as the preceding, and appreciates each according to its expensiveness.

A husband can always find fault with his wife, but, then, even archangels could pick flaws in one another if they had to drink coffee at the same table every morning.

Matrimony is, like the weather, mighty uncertain, and the happiest people are those who are neither looking for storms nor banking on sunshine, but are just willing to go along sensibly and take what comes.

It may mean nothing, but it's very mortifying to a woman when she takes her husband's dog for a walk and he tries to go into every corner saloon.

It's easier to hide your light under a bushel than to keep your shady side dark.

### "It's Fine to Be Poor."

**By Edward W. Bok.**

**I**T always makes me smile," said Edward W. Bok in an interview in the New Broadway, "when some woman, a reader of our magazine, writes me and asks: 'What do you know about the needs, the life or the struggles of poor people—who were born with a silver spoon in your mouth?' Bless her heart, she little knows that I have been through it all. I know what it is to live on practically nothing; to stealthily leave the house at night, go to the lots and pick up odd pieces of wood because we had not the four cents to buy a bundle of kindling; to pick up odd bits of coal; to sift the ashes until my fingers bled; of kindling; to pick up odd bits of coal; to go around afraid to stoop because of the patches in my clothes. Know it? Oh, yes, I know what it is to be poor."

"And it was fine, I tell you," said this man unexpectedly.

"Fine?" You mean poverty?" I asked.

"I do," he said, emphatically. "The finest thing that ever happened to me, the finest thing that ever happened to any young fellow is to be poor. There is no greater stimulant than poverty—not as a condition in which to stay, but as a condition to work out of."